untrodden by the foot of man, jagged and serene, and it was from this point of entry that I tried to reach the centre uplands. Moreover up this valley of the Punarau is the ruin of the chief *marae* in Tahiti, a *marae* being the heathen temple of the old days. It was nothing more or less than the high place of the Old Testament. A hundred years ago the old gods were destroyed by order and the native officially converted. About the same time the weeds were introduced. The high places were left to the birds. But not even that for long, for the birds themselves have not been left to the high places.

Nevertheless, with the river so near I determined to explore by this route. I thought that I would at least see for myself all that there was to see, and perhaps start some wing of scarlet or gold that yet lingered undisturbed. I got up very early .and set off with a haversack and a stout stick.

Oldest trousers and oldest shoes too, for both would be destroyed, camera, a bush-knife and great expectations. The sun was not yet on the water when I took to the little path.

For five kilometres the way was easy, or